THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department.

WIDE-AWAKE POETRY.

nebody said that it couldn't be done, But he, with a chuckle replied nat "Maybe it couldn't." but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he tried.
he buckled right in, with a trace of

grin
On his face. If he werried he did it.
e started to sing as he tackled the

mebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never de

At least no one ever has done it, his hat,

gun it.
Ith the lift of his chin and a bit out any doubting of quiddit, rted to sing as he tackled the

That couldn't be done-and he did it.

sere are thousands to tell you it cannot

tere are thousands to point out to you, one by one.

The dangers that wait to assail you,
it just buckle in with a bit of a grin:
Then take off your coat and go to it;
at start in to sing as you tackle the

-Tid Bits.

But every Wide-Awake understands at we cannot have all the flowers we nt, any more than we can have a first as garden without devoting much time

en ambition is strong and when the enile tillers of the soil can find much do and always something to learn by ng alert and keeping their eyes open

WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1-Catherine McVeigh, of Norwich-

1-Helen T. Greene, of Plainfield-ans Brinker or The Silver Skates. -Deris Waters, of Norwich-Eliza-

4-Bessle Gitlin, of New London--Antony Perrone, of Norwich-Boy

6-Solomon S. Pollack of Eagleville -Annie Zurewsky of Norwich Town A Sweet Girl Graduate.

8.—Claire Feley, of Willimantic-Ir Prize winners living in the city can cure their books by calling at The Bul-tin business office after 10 a.m. Thurs-

ETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT. etty Besson, of North Stonington— nk you ever so much for the book on as a prise entitled. Betty the be. I have read it and think it is

Helen Keech, of Danielson-Thank you much for the book you sent me. made a mistake in my name. It is elen Keech agell. Mary Gribbin, of Fitchville-I thank

ading it, and find it very interesting. Austin Covey, of Norwich—I thank ou for the book I received last week. I ave not yet read it, but I know that will like it. I am going to write anher story for next week. Annie Babeack, of Oakdale-I received

y book and have read it and found it ry interesting. I wish to thank you ry much for it.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWARES. My School.

Dear Uncle Jed: There is going to be speaking and spelling contest Tuesday (ay 4) at half past two. First there is ling to be a teachers' meeting, with the ing to be a teachers' meeting, with the eaking and spelling afterwards. I ink I shall go. School lets out Tuesday meetine in the foreneon.

At school in the morning we have ards to write and then we have recess at then we eat our dinner. We play isoners' base, bisks man, or tag. At I lock the bell rings and we all go in at stand in a row. Then we march to r seats and learn something. We have cess in the afterneon for about ten ess in the afternoon for about ten have geography or history to learn, hen 4 o'clock comes teacher lets us t and we all go home. At home I saw, lit and chep wood. Then I go in and and coop wood. Then I go in and it my supper and at \$ 0 clock go to ad. In the morning about seven o'-ock I get up and eat my breakfast and an get ready for school. I arrive at hool about half past eight. School ARTHUR O. N. WOOD, Age 9.

Our Little Twins. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would rite and tell you about our little vins. They are nine weeks old and are

rances and Ruth Florence. I have two

Beautiful Women of Society, during the past seventy years have relied upon it for their distinguished appearance. The soft, refined, pearly white com renders instantly, always the source flattering comment. Gourands

brothers and one sister besides the twins. I help my mother de her work by washing and wiping dishes, bringing in wood and going to the store.

BESSIE L. CONGDON, Age 8.

Plainfield.

Shelf of Food For Hungry Birds Last winter when the snow was deep and the weather cold I made a shelf on and the weather coid I made a shell on the sunny side of our house, and put crumbs of bread and meat upon it for the birds. They were always there eat-ing eagerly. I still feed them every morning and enjoy it very much. RUTH E. McGOVERN, Age 11.

Paul, the Make Belleve Santa Claus. Paul was a boy about nine years of age. He was very rich. One day when by. When she was gone little girl went by. When she was gone he went in the house. He told his mother he would like to be a Santa Claus. So his mother said he could. Christmas night he dressed up like Santa Claus. He went to the girls' house and knocked on the door. The house and knocked on the door. The mother answered it. After he gave them the presents he went home. The little children were delighted with the presents and thanked him for his kindness. CLAIRE FOLEY, Age 11.

Jack the Wood Chopper.

Jack is a little wood chopper. He stays at work chopping wood while other boys are off playing and enjoying them-"cannot be done"—and you'll do ls forced to but because he thinks it is his duty His father is dead and his mother is

Incle Jeb's Talk to Wide.

Awakes.

Everyone of you knew that April owers bring May flowers and that if are to expect them in proportion to April rains we need have no fear of gone but thought it was his duty to stay. gone but thought it was his duty to stay home with his lonely dear mother. FLORENCE CLARK, Age 12.

A Boy Who Spoke the Truth.

int, any more than we can have a first is garden without devoting much time of attention to the spading of the ound, planting the seeds and keeping that after the weeds. It will be only a few weeks now before hool will close for the long vacation of it is probable that many of the ide-awakes are already planning the redens, both flower and vegetable, that ey are going to start and take care of the is direction, where the grounds are rege and where they are small. It need it interfere with the proper amount of ay but it can well provide diversion and coduce commendable results. Many illdren can well be proud of the things ey have accomplished in the way of owing flowers and produce.

Perhaps it would never do for the chillen to be just as busy as bees, for the neymakers are constantly on the goit certainly this is the time of the year sen ambition is strong and when the control of the chillen of the way of the certainly this is the time of the year sen ambition is strong and when the control of the control of the plant ambition is strong and when the control of the control of the control of the control of the plant ambition is strong and when the control of the control of the control of the control of the plant ambition is strong and when the control of the cont I think this will teach us to speak the truth.

STEFFA GORDAN, Age 11. Plainfield.

The Journey of a Sunbeam. The home of a sunbeam would be very unpleasant to us. But the sunbeam en-joys it very much. One morning when he awoke he heard Father Sol tell him ne awoke he heard Father Sol tell him to go down to earth to cheer up the people. He was very sad because it was so cold there. But he must go. He makes a flight of ninety-three million miles and is at Danielson by 8 a. m. The first thing that alarmed him very much was a rooster's cry. But as he was going very fast he soon passed the racket

them. These were the oil wells of Pennsylvania. As he arrives in Arizona Pennsylvania. As he arrives in Arizona he does not see any interesting wonders. Now he's on the border of the Pacific. He finds that he must fight ngainst great fogs, but finally broke his way through. Now there's Asia to greet him. He happened to come upon Himaliaya. How cold it was on Mt. Everest, the highest peak in the world! But as he is going at great speed he soon passes by

As he entered Russia he noticed again As he entered Russia he noticed again these queer steeples that he saw in Pennsylvania. Soon he is in Germany where he saw many people at work in the fields, but did not know what they were cultivating. In France he no-ticed many people gathering the grapes. At 6 s. m. he was at Danielson again, ready for another journey. It takes a long time for a sunbeam to end its jour but when a sunbeam goes around the world many times it gets tired. Many times sunbeams that get left in the darkhess form a northern light. So then there is an end of a northern light that is a real end of a sunbeam. STANISLAW OZOG, Age 12.

What Care Did For the Plant. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about the care I took of a small plant.

Last summer my mother gave me a little, weak plant, that she thought would not grow. All summer and this win-ter I took care of it, watering and picking off the dried leaves each morn-

surprised to see this plant become one of the largest and strongest of our plants. I think I took good care of that small plant. I also like to read books and take care of them as well as any other thing.

ANNIE ZUKOWSKY, Age 13.

Leading on the Flower Calendar. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell The school house pear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you about my school. The school house is in North Stonington. The name of the school is Hewitt. There are fourteen children. We have five grades.

I so to the same school that Betty Benson goes to. We have four blackboards and we have books, pencils, and paper. We are not going to have school Friday, the 30th and we are sent to the

paper. We are not going to have school Friday, the 30th, and we are going to the high school at North Stonington to speak. There are going to be two from this school, one to speak and one to spell. Their names are George Stedman, and G. Irene Maine. All who

can go are going.
We are having a flower calender this spring, as usual. The one that brings the most flowers is going to get a prize. I have the most flowers now. some plants in the windows here. I

L IRENE MAINE, Age 10. North Stonington.

How I Spent a Rainy Day. One day there was no school en account of the rain, so I asked mamma count of the rain, so I asked mamma if I could visit some of my friends. But mamma said not today, because I would have to play indoors. But she said we will have a box party. "What," I said, "a box full of goodles" "No." mamma said, "the goodles will come later." So we all took up a large pasteboard box a pencil and a slip of paper, and picked out all the winter things and put them away, and marked the contents of the box on the paper, and pasted the the box on the paper, and pasted the paper on the box. We all worked faithfully and were rewarded by making some fudge. So the afternoon passed away unaware. Sometimes we are working when we think we are playing. When mamma tells us to carry papa's dinner none of us likes to so mamma.

dinner none of us likes to, so mamma fixes up the luffer basket and asks who would like to play Red Riding Hood. "I will, I will." I said. So mamma put

GENEVIEVE EVANS, Age 10.

The Tiny Unknown House. The Tiny Unknown House.

As I came out from the woods, I neticed a tiny house, surrounded by rows of pink holly hocks and huge sunflowers.

I thought I would go in and ask for something to eat, for I was very cold and hungry. When I rapped the first time so one came: so I rapped again, and still no one came. I went in and looked in one come and saw no one. I went in the next room, and on a little bed I saw a very old woman, fast asleep. By the time I got through looking at all the things she woke up. I asked her if I could stay there for the night. She said, "yes," Then we had a good supper and went to hed and slept in peace till morning. slept in peace till morning.

JENNIE PEDACE, Age 11.

A Day in the Woods.

A Day in the Woods.

One bright Sunday morning my friends Marion and Adeline called for me. Marion said: "Besuis and Joseph, take your lunch and come with un." We maid "All right, we're coming."

In back of the naval station are some woods, and there we went. We took with us our lunch and a tablecloth. All the things were packed in our little satchel. Joseph and Marion went berrying while Adeline and I set the table. In the woods was a spring, se we named it "Silver Spring." We had for our lunch ice cream, cookies, appies and oranges and some nuts. Wear the spring was a stone and near the stone we were to eat.

While I was going to get a backet of water I heard a shrill whistle and on looking back I saw Joseph and Marion with a big bag of berries. We had black-berries and blueberries for our lunch besides the other food, and a glass of clear,

sides the other food, and a glass of clear cool spring water.

After our lunch we played some game

and then after picking up the left-overs we took our satchel and went berrying again. We soon had a big bagful of blackberries and blueberries for our par-

ents.

When we came back to the spring we took a drink of water and then hunted for some accens. We found a great quantity of them. Across a street from the outlet of the woods were some pign. As we were coming out of the woods that afternoon my father and mother were waiting for us. We gave the pigs the accens and went home.

So that ended our delightful day in the woods.

BESSIE GITLIN. Age 11.

BESSIE GITLIN, Age 11.

You Wide-Awakes who live in New England know what it is to watch and wait for the old brown earth to reveal its hidden treasures.

The first springtime treasure to make its appearance is shy arbutus, hidden in light sandy learn under evergreen trees or

light sandy learn under evergreen trees or in mossy, rocky places.

The bloodroot, which cozes red blood, like liquid, was highly prized by the Indians as a decoration for their faces, and delights the heart of every child who passes by because of its spotless beauty. No child who lives in New England but what is familiar with the sight of the Quaker ladies and the various kinds of anemones which grow so plentifully by the roadside.

Next in order comes the family of vio-its. Whose heart has not been gladdened at one time or another by a glimpse of some shady nook in early May where the modest violet lurks?

The painted trillium who flaunts her petals in your face forces upon you the welcome news that winter is over and applied to the baside the

spring is here, and close beside the trillium you need not be surprised to find the yellow whippoorwill's shoe.. But I have not time nor space to take

my readers through the endless varieties of springtime flowers which hold many LOUISE KOVAROVICS, Age 15.

April Fool in an Old Fashioned School. It was the first day of April. In the old fashioned schoolroom on the hill the teacher had set the children to studying to keep them out of mischief. Although it was April Fool day, the room was quiet.

The teacher, looking at his book, sud-denly fell asleep. Someone saw this and the children made a great deal of noise, but the teacher still slept soundly. The child with the dunce cap on was

of the stove and it began to smoke.

Luckily the window was open and the smoke went through it.

Another boy tried to kiss a girl and two girls standing near by got jealous and began to hit him.

and began to hit him.

One child made a very homely picture on the blackboard. She wrote underneath it "The Teacher." A boy put the clock ahead so that it was time to ring the bell. Another wrote on the teacher's desk "Go to your aunt, you slugger."

On the wall were found papers which had the following words on them: "Beware of Idleness;" another said "Spare the Rod, Spoil the Child."

On one boy's back were these wards:

In the cottage cottage next door there was a boy with whom I played. The mesquitoes were my enemies until we got some citronella.

When we had been there about a week On one boy's back were these words: "April Fool!" He sat down on a tack and gave a terrible cry which awoke the teacher. In half an hour the room was quiet again. That day the children had to the weight a school with school with When we had been there about a week I got sick. The next day my grand-father, uncle, aunt and another girl were going crabbing. I wanted to go so bad that at last my mother consented. When we got back I was worse than ever, so we had to go home. I was very sorry, but had to get over it.

We are going this summer, if we can to stay in school until 5 o'clock.

BESSIE SEIGEL, Age 10.

Lock! Look! The robins are here! The robins have come from the sunny south. They were gone all winter. They like to come north when the snow has gone and the warm winds blow. when the snow has

gone and the warm winds blow.

Robins build their nests of sticks and straws and line them with mud. Mother Robin lines the nest. She brings the mud in her bill and puts it in the nest. Then she gets in and turns round and round and smoothes the mud with her soft breast.

One day a little boy named George was walking in a large city when he noticed a poor old lady looking for something she had lost. George walked up to her and smoothes the mud with her soft breast.

All ready Mother was and asked him to help her find ten the contraction of the contraction of

After the nest is all ready, Mother Robin lays five pretty blue eggs. And she aits on the nest two long weeks to keep the eggs warm. Just think of that!

Father Robin sings to Mother Robin and brings her nice fat worms for her breakfast when she is sitting on the nest. He knows the eggs must not get cold or there will be no baby robins.

Sometimes he keeps the eggs warm and lets Mother Robin go away to find his mother all about it. He never forgot what a kind act he had done. And her own breakfast. her own breakfast.

It makes Mother Robin work very hard

It makes Mother Robin work very hard to feed her hungry children. Father Robin helps a little, but he doesn't like to work very much. Father Robin teaches the baby birds to fly. He likes to do that. It isn't hard work, you see.

Father Robin is larger than Mother Robin, and his breast is a brightengred. He is a better singer than Mother Robin. He is a better singer than Mother

All robins like to sing in the rain. They sit in the apple trees and sing "Cheer up, cheer up! Cheer, cheer! We like the rain rain! We like the rain! Cheer up, cheer up! Cheer, cheer, cheer!
ALMIRA BERNIER, Age 12.

Things I Have Learned at Cooking

School. This is the first year I have attended cooking school and besides being a pleasure it has taught me many things.

The first thing was the manner in which a cook should start her work. Everything should be placed near at hand. Then when the food had been prepared the dishes used chould be washed, dried and put in their proper places.

Every cook should be prepared for her and put in their proper places.

Every cook should be prepared for her work and should be sure that she has plenty of material on hand. She should know the table of measures and the table of abbreviations so that she may carry out her work successfully. I have learned how to make a tasty

My other sister is 5 years old and she One does not go to school. My other brother is 3 years old. My smaller brother is 1/ food

Our teacher's name is Miss Frances M.

Thames St., Phone 1473-Rich & Rubin, 61 Fairmount St., Phone 562-3,

ples one cup sugar, one cup water, a does not g glass of red jelly, a stick of cinnamon. Is 3 years water, and core apples. Put the sugar, water and cinnamon in a kettle and let them cook for a few minutes. Then cook the apples covered with syrup before not I like school very much. We have speiling, reading, writing and arithmetic before noon. In the afternoon we have language and history or geography When taken out they are whole and should be cored. Fill core cavity with red jelly and add a little whipped cream. JOSEPH DONDA, Age 9. Gurleyville.

A Flashlight Picture.

home and have been very successful.

I am going to tell you one of the most successful ones and I can assure you that it is very good. It is called Apple Compote and calls for eight or ten ap-

I hope you will try this and find out tow good it is.

CATHERINE McVEIGH, Age 11.

At the Beach.

Last summer we went to Lord's Point.

My two aunts, a girl, two of my cousins, my brother and mother were in the cot-tage. Every day we went in swimming.

get a cottage, as I hope we can.

DORIS WATERS, Age 10.

I agree with him, don't you? FLORENCE M'GOVERN, Age 18.

Going to Have a Garden.

to close tomorrow noon (April 29) for the speaking and spelling contest for Mansfield children at Mansfield Center

ville in Louis Oral and Doris Wood is the

mer, so I can take vegetables to the fair in September. I plowed the land a few day ago, and I'm going to plant it as

when I get home from school I have to bring in wood, feed the chickens, and do many other things.

SOLOMON S. POTLACK.

Helping My Parents.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would tell you how I help my father and mother. In the morning I feed the rabbits. We

In the morning I feed the rabbits. We have two rabbits. One is blue. His name is Bunny. The other is brown and white. His name is Tom.

At night I bring wood and help my father grind grain and saw in his mill.

After this I play with a ball with my brother. Then I get my supper and at 5 o'clock I go to bed with my brother.

My brother is 14 years old. He is in the second year in high school. I am 9 years old and I am in the fourth grade

Eagleville.

Dear Uncle Jed: Our school is going

Thursday afternoon about 3 o'clock Miss Henderson, our drawing teacher, came down to our room. Everyone was surprised to see her come on Thursday because she never comes on that day She passed us some toys which we and other schools had made. Some of the toys were elephants, roosters, clowns, geese, tigers, dogs, Teddy bears, squirgeese, tigers, dogs, Teiddy bears, squir-rels, donkeys and ducks. She told each one to hold his toy out to see how they looked. When she went she took them again. She also told us that Friday morning we were to have a flashlight

picture taken.
Friday morning Mr. Hines, the camera-Friday morning Mr. Hines, the cameraman, came in and told us to clear our desks and to get ready for the picture. He told the boys to pull down the curtains. He also made some of the people change seats. Now all was ready for the picture. He told us how to act. While we were looking at our toys we heard a great noise which frightened everyone. It seemed that the whole school building was on fire, for there was lots of powder in the room, which looked like smoke, and you could see a light in the front of We are going this summer, if we can and you could see a light in the front of

all the windows to make the smoke go out. We then went to work.
ANTONY PERRONE, Age 11. Norwich.

. Hungry Chickens, It was an early summer morning and there were four little chickens in a group. They were all peeping. One would have liked a fresh green leaf, another was hungry for some kind of bug. A nice, fat worm would have made the third one happy. The fourth was waiting for some sweet, yellow meal. The four some sweet, yellow meal. The four little chickens looked at one another fretfully. Then they all began to chirp. It sounded as if they said, "We're hungry. We want our breakfast. Why doesn't somebody come and give us our breakfast?" Then mother hen in the garden close by, clucked and fluttered, as if to say: "Hurry, children, I have some-thing for your breakfast." EDNA WEAVER, Age 12.

Providence.

My School. Dear Uncle Jed: I go to the Borrah Center school. My teacher is Mrs. R. Miner. I like her very much. I am in the second grade and I am eight years old. I can read, write, and spell, do examples and other things.

There are sixteen children in our school. I have two sisters and two brothers that go to school with me.

Our supervisor is Mr. Porter. Miss Pendleton is our school nurse and she she

Our supervisor is Mr. Porter. Miss Pendleton is our school nurse, and she visits us every month. Last week she weighed us. I weigh 50 pounds. MINNIE SCHATZ.

The Trick.

Quite a few people come to spend their summer vacation at Silver Lake. A boys' camp is situated on one side of the mountain and I can't say that these boys were angels.

The boys decided to have a picnic on the east side of the lake, and all neighbors gave (as the boys call it), some-thing good to eat, for this famous lun-

er boys decided it was time for their When all the things were spread out

"THE MEW BREW WITHTHE OLD NAME"

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Wright, 8 Cove St., Phone 425-2-American Wholesale Confectionery, 361 Main St., Phone 585-Levine Bros., 8 No.

he returned they began their feast. The They had just begun on a

tempting concoction of vanilla and che-colate frosted cookies when—! With a bound, each and every ope of them rush-ed to the spring. During the time they were drinking some of the expressions and said: "Where is your Jac used were: "Gee!" "Ow!" "Phew!" Killer'!" Longfellow then said: "Gosh!" and "Golly, will you hurry up a copy of that exciting tale."

and give some one else a chance!"

The reason was that the cookies were filled with limburger cheese and red pepper. A farmer had contributed these pretty, but deceiving cookies, because on another occasion the boys had cause on another occasion the boys had pilfered his best strawberries, which were ready to sell. His revenge

had been sweet, but very distastsful to the victims.

The reason we happened to know about it was that the perpetrator been hidden behind the trees, laughing to himself, and he had told us. He con-sidered it the best joke ever told or sidered it the best joke ever told or witnessed. The boys didn't, which is needless to add. CATHERINE HAYES, Age 14

Norwich.

A Home Without a Mother.

In an old apartment house in New York, lived four little children, Mary, the sidest, was out working. Hungry, without fire in the house, the children were
anug in bed trying to keep warm. The
youngest was very sick. When the clock
struck one, little Mary slipped into the
house with some wood to make a fire.
She had carned two dollars and was
in high spirits. When the fire was
made Mary laid down a while to sleep.
Next morning her little sister had a
high fever. Mary called the doctor.
He said that the baby was dying and
would be dead if he hadn't come. He
took the baby away when Mary said.
"God save her."
Today Mary is living with her three pldest, was out working. Hungry, with

Today Mary is living with her three sisters. She also is married to a young well educated man and has a little baby of her own. Her sisters go to school and will grow up to think about the home they had without a mother. BESSIE BRUCKNER, Age 12.

Norwich.

How Bertie Kept Stm. Bertie was playing in the garden quite peacefully when grandpa came out of the house ready for riding to the village for groceries. But Bertie caught sight of him and asked to ride too, for she was very fond of riding. So grandpa lifted her up to go as far as the lane when Bertie said: the lane when Bertie said:
"Grandpa can't you take me as far
as the pond to see the cunning little
duck?" Grandpa could not consent to
this because he was afraid Bertie would

fall in.

So Bertie had to be content on the promise of a bag of candy.

It was about two hours later when grandpa returned to find the whole household looking for Bertie who had not been seen since grandpa had gone

Of course grandpa had to join and the whole premises were searched but in vain. At last they went down toward vain. At last they went down toward the pond. Grandpa went to the house and laying on the sofa thought of the conversation that had passed between Bertie and himself. Suddenly something touched his arm, and a sweet voice said "Grandpa! Where's my candy?" and she dived in his pocket to find some candy and oranges. Grandpa

bias Why, you little rogue where have dinner from cooking the meat and boilthe second years in high school. I am 9 in the second years in high school. I am 9 in the second years old and I am in the fourth grade have tried out some of my recipes at in the Gurlayville school. My sister is and went canoeing, till a few of the old- 'Why. Grandpa. I went under the

sofa and I fell asleep so I was as quiet LYDIA M. DUGAS, Age 12.

A Story of Longfellow. Henry Longfellow was very fond of children, and the children were fond of

him. He had as a special favorite a asishbor's sen. This boy was often in-vited to the poet's study. One day this boy was looking at books in the study when he turned to the poet and said: "Where is your 'Jack the Giant Killer'?" Longfellow then said: "I haven't

a copy of that exciting tale."

The child seemed to be sorry for Long-fellow, but he did not say anything.

The next day he came again, hugging tightly in his hand two pennies. He gave them to the poet and said: "Here is some money. Now you can go and buy a book of 'Jack the Giant Killer' for yourself."

HILDA VOGT. Age 11. New London.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell you how glad I am that spring has come again. Our school is going to be out the elev-enth of June. We are going to have a

we can find many flowers. I have found white violets, blue violets, pink, Mayflow-ers, blue Mayflowers, white Mayflowers, hepatics, and many other flowers. We have a brook in one of our fields and we have lots of fun in it. We puddle in it and pick flowers which are around it. We can also go out picking berries. Last year we used to got great big palls of them. I and my cousins picked enough strawberries for our dinner and then ate

them with milk and sugar. BETTY BENSON, Age 1. North' Stoulngton.

My Brother's Birthday.

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you about my little brother's birthday. On April 18, he was three years old and had a lit-tle cake, which my mother made for him, with three candles on it. He wanted to light them right away so he could blow them out. He had some nice presents from his friends. He is big enough new to go out and piay with me, for which I am very glad. I had a sister who died a few years ago who would have been ten years old now. Also I lost a little brother who would have been five years old. My friend. Esther Menroe, a little girl who my grandma took when she was girl who my grandma took when she was two years old, had a birthday the 15th of April. She had 13 candles on her cake. We have nice times going to school to-gether and after school we have a few chores to do. Then we can play. My birthday is July 11 when I will be eight seventh of July. So the three of us might have a party together I think. I expect to take music lessons next month which I am sure I will enjoy as I am very fond of music. Well I guess I have writte enough for this time. HELEN T GREENE, Age 7.

Plainfield.

Dear Uncle Jed: One morning before breakfast I got up and dug a can of werms because my brother and I were going up the brook to see if we could catch some trout for breakfast. We started about six o'clock. The brook runs by my house into a big pond so we went crosslots around the corner of a hill to the beginning of the brook and were go-ing to fish down to the pond. We batt-ed our hooks and started fishing. We caught nineteen altogether. We went

meal. After we did our chores we went to school and now I have just finished writing to you about it. GEORGE STEDMAN, Age 12.

North Stonington.

